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NOAH'S FLOOD,
OR, THE
DESTRUCTION
OF THE
WORLD.
AN
OPERA.

Dedicated to Her GRACE the DUTCHESS
OF
Monmouth.

By *Edward Ecclestone*, Gent.

*Non illo melior quisquam nec amantior equi
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior ulla Deorum. Ovid. Metam.*

LONDON:

Printed by *M. Clark*, and sold by *B. Tooke*, at the
Ship in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1679.

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THESE OPERAS, AND THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF THE DUTCHESS OF MONMOUTH, &c.

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Printed by M. Clark, and sold by B. Tooke, at the
Shop in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1673.

The Epistle Dedicatory.
To Her GRACE the DUTCHES
OF
Monmouth.



IS the greatest and chiefest aim (Madam) of most men, still to chuse out the Highest, Loveliest, and Fairest Objects as may best agree with their Intentions; thus the Pious and Devout are in a perpetual contemplation of Heaven, thinking that the fittest place about which they can or ought to busie their Religious thoughts, the Glories of the one running in a just Parallel with the Meditations of the other: Now pardon me (Madam) if the Divine Perfections Providence has bestowed upon You, have made me thus boldly aspire to Dedicate this Poem to Your Grace, as being the only Person with whose Nature such Sacred History best accords; and I must needs alledg too, Your Grace deserves the Name of Beautiful, and that not only for the Excellent Proportion and Lineaments of Body, as for the Intrinsick Perfections of Your Mind, and Vertues of Your Soul, which are so sweetly joyn'd, that You may justly Challenge, to Your self, the Title of a visible Divinity: But my greatest fear is, lest while I address my self to Your Grace, like a mistaken Zealot, I should approach the true Deity with a wrong Worship.—What was said of Greece may be now confirm'd here, That all their Beauties there could make

The Epistle Dedicatory.

But one Venus ; You, like that Goddess, bare away the Golden Prize, whilst all the rest stand, neglected, by, and envy at Your Glory ; therefore lest any should think I derogate from them, by giving You Your due Commendations, or at least You Your self should think I flatter, I must aver thus much in my own Defence, that Your Perfections are so Divinely rare, You exceed the very Name of Flattery, for what is Adulation in others, is but Your real Character, and to diminish what I have said, would rather prove abusive than a fawning Speech : And I am so far from extinguishing others Lustre by Yours, that like the Sun, You rather distribute Your diffusive Beams on all inferior Lights, than take any Rays from them, and that too without diminution to Your self. Had Your Grace liv'd in the Old World, You would not only have made an addition to those that were sav'd in the Ark, but even have prevented the Destruction of the Whole. For so pious and sincere, so importunate are all Your Devotions, as what was spoke by the two Angels to Lot, would have been said to You, That they could not be destroy'd so long as You was there. Or, like Althea, Your Grace must have been forc'd to have left the Confinnes of this World, and in a Cloud of Incense flown to Heav'n : Nor need we doubt, but, like her, (being a Star on Earth) You would have made as bright a Constellation there. So sweet and affable is all Your Conversation, so universal is Your Charity and Bounty, and so Charming are Your Smiles, that all who know You must admire You, and bless themselves that You are now alive, though in an Age almost as bad as that. As it was the general Custom amongst the Jews, to present their first Fruits to Heav'n, so I hope Your Grace will pardon this Ambition in me, for laying this my First-born fancy on your Altar, for without Your Protection, I may doubt the
Insolence.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Insolence of a Censorious Age. But so long as Your Seraphick Form guards the door of the Ark, I need not fear what the malice of a Hell of Criticks can do against it: but rather am assur'd by Your Patronage, to view it safely sayling through all their Storms to the happy Mount, where when they are all securely Landed, I shall not think them more happy than I am in subscribing my self,

Madam,

Your Graces Most Humble,

Most Obèdient,

and Most Devoted Servant,

Edward Ecclestone.

The Rightful Dedication

reference of a Corporation Act. But so long as your Seraphick
Form guards the door of the Ark, I need not fear what the
wiles of a Host of Critics can do against it: but rather am
glad to see your Patronage, to give it such a lasting through-
out, as shall secure it to the happy Memory, where when they are all
present, I am sure, I shall not think them more happy than I am
in publishing my self.

Madam,

Your Grace's Most Humble

M^ost Obedient

and Most Devoted Servant

Edward

To

T O
My Worthy and Ingenious Friend,
Mr. EDWARD ECCLESTONE,
Upon his publishing his
O P E R A.

WHILE thy choice Lines I read, Dear Friend, I see
Pythagoras taught truth; Souls changed be,
And *Couley's* Transmigrated into thee.
Thy fancy's lofty, quick, and full of sence,
Thou'rt safe, yet dost reach an Excellence,
An Art, *Geoffrey* and *Cowley* none attain,
And which our upstart Wits pursue in vain;
Who when they labour with some happy thought,
E're the slow Bear can in to th' World be brought,
They make such mighty pudder, such a ding,
If not Still-born, 't proves quite another thing.
But thou dost, to just bounds, thy flights confine:
We see an active Soul in every Line,
And every word is like thy Theme, *Divine*,
Dryden will grieve to hear thy Couplets Chime;
And yield he's foyl'd at his own Weapon, *Rhime*;
While ev'ry Page such Sweetness does distill,
Thy *Noah's Ark* rests on *Parnassus* Hill.
Had *Milton* liv'd to see how thou hast writ,
He'd, for the Charms thou giv'st it, *Rhime* admit.
This Piece is such, so excellently rare,
'Twere sin of its success; but to Despair,
Thy *Deluge* can all *Censures* down before it bear.

And thou may'st fit secure within thy Ark,
 No Floods, by Criticks rais'd, can hurt thy Bark;
 While this thy Book (to thy Eternal praise)
 Shall, like the Dove, return within few days,
 And 'stead of *Olives*, bring thee sprigs of *Bays*.
 For such a Work, except the ablest Brain,
 None sure, but in a wish, could e'er attain.
 Then what vast thanks we to this *Opera* owe,
 I may conceive, but *Verses* can't let thee know.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

To his Worthy and Ingenious Friend, Mr. Edward Ecclestone, upon his Publishing Noah's Flood, or the Destruction of the World.

MILTON reviv'd, or rather Dryden trac'd;
 Each step found out and follow'd, though in haste.
 A second *Op'ra* to the World is brought,
 Full of quick sense, smooth fancy, subtle thought:
 The struggling Infant from the Womb is thrown,
 To wander in this Critick Age alone;
 No dear fond Parent to support its worth,
 Nor bias'd Friend to blaze its praises forth:
 Without those aids you let it roam about,
 Fearless of danger, 'mongst the Wits to scout,
 To see whose Genius finds its virtues out.
 If this first Birth so many praises win,
 What merits the whole Mass conceal'd within;
 Your well-run'd flights, and sweet conceptions show,
 No rugged thoughts did from your fancy flow;
 But smooth as gliding streams in Summer Brooks,
 Are all thy Lines, and ev'ry one such sense,
 As if you ever had consulted Books,
 Or writ with all the helps of Providence:

Nature

Nature to thee has these perfections giv'n,
 A sense Divine, a Soul that hears of Heav'n,
 What mighty rule Omnipotence doth bear
 Over the *Demons*, and the *Princes of th' Air*,
 As in a mirror I've discover'd here.
 All the black gathering Clouds are past away,
 And we, through you, behold a New-born day;
 Those Troops of Atoms which before us flew,
 Scatter and fall as silently as Dew,
 And glorious Wit is once again in view.
 Could I, like thee, take such a noble flight,
 I'd an *offensive* spend to reach the height.
 On then and prosper, now you're on the wing,
 Flag not behind, but reach *Apollo's Spring*:
 Then to his Temple haste, in th' *Tripos* sit,
 Inspir'd by him; there make 'em all submit
 To thy Divine Enthusiastick Wit.

JOHN LEANERD.

To his Ingenious Friend, Mr. Ecclestone,
 on his Opera.

—Opus—quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis,
 Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.

LET scribbling Foes to Paper, cheat the Town,
 With a *French Novel* clad in *English Gown*;
 Or, Botcher-like, to make a perfect Play,
 Bombast, with Farce, some half a score a day,
 And spoil true metal with their false alloy:
 Monkey-like, Aping what they find of Wit,
 Flatter themselves with snayling after it,
 Till like a Toad, they swell'd with pride, do spit.
 Whilst your inherent and diffusive Rays,
 Lead light to them to usher in their Plays;

A

Your

Your learned *Op'ra* represents the *Star*
 That brought the *Wise-men* of the *East* from far;
 You scorn their dull insipid *Sophistry*,
 That glory in a *Chymick Poetry*:
 Thy little *Book* affords a stock of all
 That we can pleasant or commodious call;
 Here you'll find light, let them be ne'r so dark;
 Thou art our *Noah*, and this *Book* the *Ark*;
 Destin'd to save the Relicks of the Sage
 And Reverend Authors of this rotting Age,
 And bear a World of Books in ev'ry Page,
 Nay, when e'n drunk with sloth, our staggering sense,
 Reeling, unman'd us of our sole defence,
 Only for reason left us Impudence:
 Thy pitying Pen reviv'd the expiring Fame,
 Raising up Trophies to thy sacred Name,
 Immortal as the just Records of Fame.
 Thou fear'st no Cynical Philosopher,
 No *Nigrum ☉*, or an *English R*;
 No, nor thou need'st not, since we plainly see,
 In every individual Line of thee,
Milton and Dryden in Epitome.

JOHN NORTON.

THE

THE PREFACE.



THE chiefest motive I have in writing this Epistle, is, not that I have any affectation to scribbling, but to excuse the permission of the preceding Copies of Commendation of my Friends; to whom I must say as the Orator said to Q. Cecilius Hortensius, in the case of Verres, *That let them take which side they will, they are sure to make it the best, for by their ingenuity they are able to cause that which is deform'd and ugly, to become fair and beautiful; and when I reflect upon my own imperfections (I ingenuously confess) I even blush to read them, and it would be the highest arrogance in the World to acknowledg their Character; like a young coy Maiden, I for a time held out their suit, but their importunities were such, I, like them, at last gave my consent: And lest that any should Tax me with Ambition in the Publication of the Poem, I shall answer in Mr. Dreydens words, That it is impossible almost for any Writer to succeed without it. And make the worst of it, as one pleasantly defines it, it is but a gallant madness; and though I do acknowledg it, 'tis only in the Abstract: For I shall not, like Æsops Frog, swell till I burst, or like Lucians Evangelus pipe so long till I fall down dead; nay, this passion is so predominant, that even the Beasts themselves are brought within the List; the Hound in catching of the Hare from his fellow; the Hawk in pouncing of his Prey; and the Horse in running of his Race. These Examples being consider'd, I am so far from judging it a fault, that I think it almost a sin to be without it; then why should man, that Lordly Creature, be asham'd to acknowledg it, and especially Poets, who are something above the vulgar; nay, so much above them, that they are a medium betwixt God and Man:*

The Epistle to the Reader.

For as Plato says—Non possunt canere priusquam Deo ple-
ni—i. e. Before they are mov'd with a Divine rapture.

But here let me make a small digression, for I do not speak this in re-
ference to my self, but to the Almighty Apollo's of the last, and this
present Age; for I might sleep as many years in Parnassus's Moun-
tain as Endymion did in the Cave, before I should reach that Name,
though Hesiod and Ennius are reported, but by one nights sleeping
therein, to become Poets, and the last, in his sleep, fanci'd he receiv'd
into his Body Homers Soul, and thereupon writ in imitation of him:
But how like they were to his, Horace excellently well describes. —

Ennius, & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,
Ut Critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo promissa cadunt, & somnia Pythagoræ.

But considering this present Age, and the troublesome times therein,
what small advantage, reward, or reputation can be gained thereby,
there would be but small contending for the Rays; since too, Apollo
and the Muses, who have a long time liv'd in Tranquillity, may, we
know not how soon, be banish'd by the God of War, and so be forc'd to
throw away the Pen, and like that worthy Hero, of late Memory,
Montrois (whose Name wants an Epitaph) be forc'd to write with
the point of the Sword, but I hope not in such a Language as his:

Great, Good and Just, &c.

Though we may say with Martial,

Frangit leves Calamos, &c.

As for the Nature of the Poem, which is Holy, though intermixt
with Spirits, yet I have not herein trod in an unknown path, but shall
procure Authority for what I do, though Doctor Brown declares,
In the multiplicity of Writing, Subjects so often discours'd, confine the
imagination, and fix our conceptions unto the Notions of fore-writers,
and though it may be allow'd with him, that bye and barren Themes are
best fitted for invention, yet that does not in the least excuse imitati-
on; for Mr. Dreydon's State of Innocency and Fall of Man,
is of the same Nature with this, from whose incomparable Piece I
drew this rugged draught; and Milton's Paradise Lost is full of
the

The Epistle to the Reader.

the same Adornments: Mr. Cowley too in his Divine Davideis, is so far from being exempted from the same, that he makes them to be the chiefest ornaments of his Poem, in which he does not only cause the Devil to make a Speech, but even God himself, and brings David singing a Love Song to his Lyre under Michols window, with several the like embellishments, which are no more to be found fault with, than the Stars for spangling Heaven. I shall defend but very little of what I have writ, either in vindication of words or phrases or figures, though it is an easie thing to turn Prophet in this case, and anticipate Critical Observations: For this only reason, being I have had but few, and those friends, that have pass'd their judgments of it, (though I account them the best that find most faults) yet do what one can, their censures will be favourable.

I must desire the Reader to take notice of these few things, that when he meets with any irregular, or as it may seem careless Lines, that they were not over-sights; and likewise in comparisons, where the thing is compar'd to things that never were: So a Friend finds fault with this Line———And shrink like Parchment in the Fire.——because, says he, there was no such thing as Parchment in the world at that time. Whether there was or no, I shall not here dispute, though without doubt there were many excellent Arts that perish'd in the Flood, which since, by the ingenuity of Man, and accidents, have been removed: He might likewise have as well found fault with these, As the word Hermite, Gally-slave, the comparison of the Vineyard betwixt Gabriel and Noah, and many more, which last must be counted as a Protepsis, though in truth wine might be before the Flood, for in the fifth Act I follow the bare History of the Scripture, and make him ignorant of the operation of wine, and Satan himself to teach the Art, though without doubt drunkenness was one of the main sins of that Age, which brought the Deluge, and that too with wine; yet however I shall authorise it by a few Examples: Thus Mr. Dryden in his Fall of Man, makes Lucifer compare his Legions, that lay prostrate on the Lake, to scatter'd Leaves in Autumn.

*See on the Lake,
Our Troops, like scatter'd leaves in Autumn lie.*

When it is to be suppos'd the World was not created, or without doubt no Autumn, so that in this case (where they make that which ought to

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be the comparison the thing compar'd, (though in no other) in my judgment they may be allow'd of: so the Grammar is mistaken in the figure, for it is no Prolepsis to say, *Laviniaq; venit littora*—because the Poet speaks in his own Person, but if he had brought in *Aeneas*, saying, *Laviniaq; littora veni*, the Figure then would have been: And *A. Gellius* in 10 L. c. 16. is of the same opinion, and instances another of like kind, *Aeneid*. L. 6. v. 17. and justifies both this way. But *Milton*, from whom *Mr. Dreydon* took it, does not make the Figure, being he does not make any of the Devils, but himself speak it.

————— He stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc'd,
Thick as *Autumnal* Leaves that strow the brooks
In *Vallombrosa*. —————

And truly in my opinion it ought to be accounted a fault in all Poetry, were it not in Poems treating of so high an Antiquity, and rank'd just as Barbarisms; for as there is no reason for the one, so there is a necessity for the other:—But that which fits my turn best are the words of poor *Palinurus*.

Aeneid L. 6. v. 365, 366.

Eripe me his invictæ, malis, aut tu mihi terram
Injice (namq; potes) portusq; require *Velinos*.

When *Velia*, the Town that gave name to the Port, was built in the time of *Servius Tullus*, above 600 years after: so in *Seneca's Medea*, we find the whole business of Matrimony to be transacted according to the Roman Rites, and all the reflections upon it to be adapted to the Customs and Laws of that place which obtain'd long after; as v. 113. *Festa dicax fundat convicia Fescenninus*, and many more of that sort, ver. 488.

Tibi patria cessit; tibi pater, frater, pudor;
Hac dote nupsi, redde fugienti sua.

Alluding to the Roman Law, which restor'd to the divorc'd Woman her Dowry, if the Divorce were not occasion'd by her. — but v. 355. and

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and v. 794. are plainer: Quid ! cum Ausonium diræ pestes, &c.
The Auson that was Author of this Adjective was Son of Ulysses and Calypso, who could not be born at this time.

Inque auxilium, Di&ynna, tuum
 Preciosa sonent æra Corinthi.

whereas the Corinthian brass was of much later date. So v. 622, 659, 660. and indeed the whole Chorus of the third Act is full of such Anticipations, so that many good Criticks reject a great part of it as supposititious.

So in the first Scene of Plautus's Amphitryo, we meet Sofia afraid of the Tres Viri Nocturni, who with their Octo Homines, (mentioned there) were a sort of Officers at Rome. as our Constable and Watch with us: So v. 149. He quibbles upon Quintus a Roman Name, and v. 252. He swears by Hercules before he is born on hardly got; besides, that those Slavish Names, Sofia and Davus, were younger by many hundred years than Amphitryo. These, I hope, are vindications enough for Anachronisms; as for Hyperboles I shall only speak this, that the bolder they are so much the better, and he shall gain far more reputation that soars high though in danger, than he that follows that plodding Advice; Medio tutissimus, &c.--

And though like the Cameliſſion they can put on almost all colours whatsoever, yet they shall never hit the white. And Horace does as good as encourage this way of Writing, when he says,

Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendor maculis.

for the extravagancy of these Figures, as Hyperboles, Metaphors, Catachreses, &c. are certainly the faults he means, as well as ob-scene Lines and oversights in Poems.

That it may find some excuse for its faults, I shall, as several of our Moderns before me, (whom I believe speak truth) declare the time in which the greatest part was writ, for I do faithfully protest, that the first three parts were thought and writ in lesser time than a week, but being disappointed by the Printer, (for it should have come out near a Twelve-month ago) I since have made a few alterations in it;
the

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the fourth was wrote at tedious times thus I stole from company, with which I did intend to have ended, being it was so full a period: But was perswaded more for the Number sake than the Subject, to add the fifth, for I really thought (as indeed it was) I undertook to build a Babel, and conceiv'd it almost impossible to raise so many Lines upon so small a Foundation, especially to Lake it o're with any glass agreeing with Horace.

Et quæ

Desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.

Thus much I thought convenient to declare, but not as to blow my own Trumpet, for the profound respects I bear Her Grace, and the almighty infinite Love I owe His Highness were the only incentives of my publication of it, for by this and no other means could I find an opportunity to declare my deep Veneration for both: A Prince who like the Genius of this British Isle bears up the Fate thereof: A Prince who wears more Charms than ever Calist did, for He does not only come, see, and overcome, Towns, Cities and Countreys, but enslaves the very hearts of Men, who are proud too, and triumph in their Chains, accounting it far greater glory to be overcome by Him, than to be Victors themselves of others.

ERRATA.

IN the first Copy, Line 5. Read thou'rt safe, and yet, &c. For Satan and Saturn. r. Sathan. p. 2. l. 5. for Bel. r. Beel. p. 29. in the Scene, r. a throng of Men, Women, &c. p. 41. at the end of l. 30. r. exit Sathan.

NOAH'S

(1)

NOAH'S FLOOD,
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DESTRUCTION
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The Scene being open'd, Hell is represented with Spirits in several postures of Torments; hideous Howlings and Lamentations are heard, and several are flying cross the Stage. The Scene on a sudden shifts, and represents Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, Asmodeus, Moloch and Belial, at which, Songs of Joy and Triumph are heard, all advancing from a Rowling Lake of Burning Brimstone.

ACT the First.

Lucifer. **B** I D 'em their Shrieks and Howlings now refrain,
And let each Soul make Musick with his Chain;
For at this Juncture all from pains are free,
And Hell it self keep a Jubilee.
Bel. It shall be done. *E Flies swiftly from em.*

Luc. ——— The happy time is nigh;
I plainly see't, i'th Records of the Sky;

The Characters of Heav'n with ease are found :

~~Read there. the Universe shall soon be drown'd.~~

Sat. The Watry Planets in Conjunction stand,
Ready to pour their Vials o're the Land.

Bel. The Sea is swelling like a Conqu'ring Fo;
Doth daily many Islands overthrow;
Still threatening all that does its force withstand :
And only waits for the All-High's Command.

Asm. The little Rivolets run swifter on,
As wish their haste they'd meet the Ocean,
And add their Force with his, all swell so high,
They seem the Deluge in Epitomy.

Mol. The Sea, Springs, Lakes, as with some private heat,
Boil higher up; Each bubble swells so great,
That every drop seems to push on their Fate.

Luc. Thus far with brave success we have prevail'd,
And in our direful Project never fail'd,
You han't forgot how subtly I did win

The first Form'd man, and taught him how to sin :

How shamefully he from his bliss was driv'n,

And banish'd from his Paradise, his Heav'n :

How since their Off springs toil and live forlorn,

And know their Race accurst before they're born.

It was a Deed, so exquisitely great,

It almost did their lives Anticipate :

And rather than have lost it, I would bear

Double Damnation, doubled with despair :

I saw, that if he fell, the world would fall,

And in his Ruin I should ruin all.

Sat. Your Prophecy is just at hand, Mankind :

Is grown so imp'ous, there's but eight design'd,

To populate the world again,

Mol. Those few,

Though from the Deluge sav'd, we'll in the Ark subdue.

Luc. That task, Great *Moloch*, we design for you.

Mol. And with such force I will the Ark invade,

I'll cause a new Creation to be made.

For in one day his fix I'll incarnate:
'Tis easier to Destroy than to Create.

Luc. Go *Moloch*, and observe the ways of man;
[*Moloch flies away!*]

We'll bring their period lesser than a span.
In this brave Action let us all comply.

Beel. Who doubts th'event, if possible, should die.

Luc. Let every Spirit chuse his proper Vice,
What he can most prevail in, most entice;
And with your cunning'st guiles declare your Art,
Playing your Engines into ev'ry heart,
For fear the World turn pious, and repent,
And so this Universal Flood prevent.

Asm. By you, Great Sir, was the first Act begun,
You did the Father Ruin, I the Son:
At his Devotions, and i'th middle of Prayer,
I rais'd up Envy, and that caus'd Despair,
Seeing his Offerings despis'd, he threw
The Altars down, and streight his Brother slew;
So for the deed a Vagabond was made,
And of each Soul, he met, was so afraid,
He even fear'd his Murders from his shade,
So by one Act I did both Brothers slay:
Envy alone would the whole World betray,
This is my Chief Delight, this very sin
I've cull'd from all, to be my Concubine.

Sar. That which I most affect is dire Despair,
To fill mens Souls with grief, distrust and fear,
Horror, and Furies, seize each vital part,
And irksome Maladies shall plague the heart,
In gentle sleep, when their rack'd Souls repose,
With dreadful Visions in their self oppose
Nay, at the Altars as they prostrate lie,
Asking forgiveness of the Deity,
I make 'em, Atheist-like, high Heav'n despise,
And 'stead of Pray'rs, they utter Blasphemies:
With desprate madness they their lives destroy,
And think in dying they shall Bliss enjoy.

They long for Death, and Death must be their end,
To some, the worst of Foes, to them, the happiest Friend.

Beel. Pride and Ambition are my darling Joys,
My Minion Pleasures, and my dear Decoys;
With those sweet Poisons, I man's Soul inspire;
Like us, they would be always mounting high'r;
None is contented with his proper State;
But ev'ry Slave would be a Potentate:
Proud in Ambition, all to rule are giv'n
Subjects would Monarchs sway, great Monarchs Heav'n
The Holy Hermits, who all praise desire,
Do cloak their Pride under Hypocrisy;
Their seeming Sanctity their hearts reveal,
And they are proud, in that they Pride conceal.
This lust of Pride in ev'ry Soul is seen,
She over all the World is Regent Queen.

Luc. You've rais'd my Spirits high, all long to roam
Lord over all, and view this World in foam;
To see the Cataracts of Heav'n fall,
And spread its Waters o're this mighty Ball.
I was well design'd of the Great Conqueror,
And in he shew'd his Wisdom and his Power,
For their hot lust a Deluge does require,
And should he stop, the World would be on fire.

[Moloch flies down.]

Mol. At length, great Lucifer, the Ark is made!

Luc. If that be finish'd, then the World's betray'd.
'Tis joyful News, now the great Period's come,
And all must wallow in the Wat'ry Tomb.
The Birds and Beasts with man confus'd must lie,
And Fish in their own Element shall dye.

Sat. What has been Ages building we'll destroy,
In a few days, and in its Ruin joy.

Beel. But how it shall be done, I cannot tell;
For Hosts of Angels will keep Centinel
And round the Sanctuary always stay,
Questioning all who shall advance that way.
And with strict Guard defend at night and day.

Mol.

Mol. The way is easie, and the passage fair,
Know from all parts all Creatures do repair,
And round the Ark reside, waiting the time,
When to their place of safety they shall climb.
Then with the rest, I in some borrow'd shape
Will enter in, and so the Guards escape.

There lurking close, I'll in some Corner lie,
(Few think of danger when it is most nigh)
And soon into their private thoughts will pry
There at the least advantage I'll sur-
And teach this great small World of Eight, to know
If this should fail, I'll fill each Soul with rage,
And all the Ark a Civil War shall wage,
The Beast with Fowl, Father shall fight with Son,
'Till with Intestine Strife they're all undone.

Luc. Bravely design'd; may the whole Ark be crush'd,
And mayst thou prosper as I did the first,
Whilst you're within plotting their sudden Fall,
We'll hovering be without, and wait your call.
Then we'll combine, and at one dreadful blow,
This remnant of the World we'll overthrow.

Asm. This will prove hazardous and hard to gain,
What cost a hundred years to build with pain,
Was never sure to stand to be in vain.

Sar. Still with fond Reason you own Arts debate,
Sure we that won the World may conquer Eight.

Luc. To me, methinks, it may with ease be done,
For scarce above a Century is it old,
And all the World is in Confusion.
You talk like Fools, such a Cabal as we,

Are able sure to check Eternity;
Retrieve our former States, and mount on high,
Shining all Glorious Monarchs of the Sky.

Such Storms to plague the deep I will prepare,
Shall make Omnipotence itself despair;
Though he be Lord of Heav'n, I'm Prince o' th' Air.

Asm. You've rais'd my drooping Soul from sluggish sleep,
Methinks I see insinking in the deep, I bid you sleep.

Beel. If through his anger the great World doth fall, **JOH.**
We will by his Example down the small.

Luc. With Storms and Whirlwinds we our selves will man,
And plunge i'th Gulf this huge Leviathan.

Enter Several Plans Also.

But see those Pious Men, whose Holy Way
And Heav'nly life false Woman shall betray:
Their sweet repose of a contented Life
Shall have an end in that counterfeit of Wife,
Woman! our only Engine to deceive
Mankind, first taught by Ancient Eve,
And with such Zeal they do the trade pursue,
Hanging out sighs, and smiles, and pearls of dew,
They cheat and beguile the whole
Not men alone, but even us Devils too,
They shift so oft, and roll from sin to sin,
From Pride to Malice, then to Pride again:
Now in this form they sin, then in that shape,
Like Water grasp't they do our hands escape,
So if we tempt in Lust, from Lust they fly
To Rage, from Rage to Jealousie,
Yet though we miss 'em here we find 'em there,
And still are sure, although uncertain where;
Nay, they so fast, so swift, so's Mazer tread,
So surely follow our dire clow of thread,
They'r here with us in Hell before they'r scarcely dead.
Behold they do Appear.

Enter divers fair women drest in wanton Garments, they

phase of the stage singing and dancing.

1. *Rel. Man.* See where they come, each does such charms,
My pure Devotions at their light decay, (display,
And as they pass, they steal my heart away:
I've often seen 'em Dancing hand in hand,
Yet, with my Zeal, I did their force withstand

But now I'm lost, to pray is needless now,
For whilst I pray to Heaven to them I bow.

2. *Rel. Man.* Oh how I faint, my Vitals melt away,
And Love, all conquering Love, has won the day,
Has entred in, in at these eyes he came,
With a most swift and most surprizing flame:
And through each part, each vein, such heat doth run,
It burns more fierce than the Meridian Sun.

3. *Rel. Man.* Devotion, Incense, Sacrifice and Pray'r,
Farewel, you nothing to these Saints compare;
Adieu dear Books, (once my delight) adieu,
Those Golden leaves must be my study now.

[pointing to the Women.

All Arts and Sciences in them appear;
View but their eyes, Astronomy is there.
They are that bliss which but to gain we'd die,
Therefore let's haste, let each to his place fly,
And so anticipate the Bliss that's given,
And without Martyrdom obtain our Heaven.
Let's haste, for when such mighty joys are near,
One idle Minute lost out-vies a Year.

Enter the fair women singing.

SONG.

When Charming Beauty does appear,
How can you then deny?
You think the Fruit forbidden here;
And if you taste, you die.
Lay your Religion but aside,
That Cloud which hides your eyes,
And you'll for ever here abide,
And call it Paradise.
You'll fast and mortifie no more,
When once this Fruit you eat;
For if you taste you'll ne'r be giv'n o'er,
'Tis so Divinely sweet.

Then

Then boldly venture to enjoy,

The Bliss of those above;

This Food doth only Fools destroy,

That know not how to Love.

This Heavenly Tree you may ascend,

With safety and with ease.

See how the Boughs their Branches bend,

Desiring still to please.

Th' immortal Juice when drunk by you,

Will keep you from all harms,

But if you die, 'twill be in vain,

In one another's Arms.

1. Rel. Man. O Divine found, see they again appear,
More pleasant to the eye than to the ear.

Advancing to the women.
Fair Goddesses, (whose looks are so Divine,)

We all our hearts do offer at your Shrine;

And if our Sacrifice successful prove,

We always shall admire you, always love.

1. Wom. In their addresses still they can forbear,

But they must court in Sacrifice and Pray'r:

Grave Sires, we doubt whether we may, or no,

Accept of that you should on Heav'n bestow;

Or if we do, you'll still like Flames aspire,

And mount to rds Heav'n, but not our Charms admire:

Or when our Loves you should again require,

You'll Sacrifice all Day, and Pay all Night;

And draw Lives ~~Scene~~ without one Ray of Light.

1. Rel. Man. Grant us but Love, we'll lay aside our Zeal,

And though we pray to Heav'n, to you we'll kneel;

You our Devotion are, Religion, Pray'r,

And what we say is true, as you are fair.

1. Wom. By these expressions you our fears remove,

And we may now believe that you can love,

Unless Religious path again you tread,

That perplex Labyrinth, whose fly winding thread

Leads you through Thorns and Briars, when you may
Tread upon Roses, and make sweet your way.

1. *Rel. Man.* 'Tis the worst madness for a man to stay
In darkness, when he might enjoy the day;

Our eyes thus open'd now, we plainly view,

Our only happiness is plac'd in you;

The azure Sky expands its Purple brow'd,

And we behold our Heav'n without a Cloud.

With Fancies Pencil, we before did grave

Our Heav'n, and for a Goddess carv'd a Slave,

Chain'd to a Gally in a stormy Sea,

Rowing 'gainst Wind and Tide for Liberty,

But never gains his Port: so had we steer'd

Our Course, had not Loves Beacon thus appear'd.

Your eyes those lights are that direct our way,

Like Heav'n, they shine with an Eternal Day,

And who e're follows cannot go astray.

1. *Wom.* Now you confirm all what you said before.

1. *Rel. Man.* If you believe not, we will say much more.

1. *Wom.* You've said enough, and we believe you kind,

You see our Blushes do declare our mind,

Our Maiden Modesty they do betray,

As the Suns Rising does confirm the Day.

The Banquet's spread, take, eat, and make good cheer,

There's no resistance nor denials here.

1. *Rel. Man.* Of all these Dainties only you I chuse,

And in Exchange I would the World refuse.

All Men. We'll follow you, but each so pleasant is,
It is impossible to chuse amiss.

[Each take a Woman.]

1. *Rel. Man.* O Joys Divine! O Everlasting Bliss!

Sure the High Pow'r cannot deny us this.

[kissing the first womans hand.]

To kiss and press these hands, to view those eyes,

The Starry Harbingers to Paradise,

If it be sin to be to bliss enslav'd,

No man upon the Earth would e're be sav'd.

Or if it be, what Mortal would not sin,

If he were sure t'enjoy a Cherubim.

[Exeunt Men and Women.]

Luc. From these Ill Hymens shall a Race arise,
 Whose Pow'r o're all the World shall Tyrannize;
 Lead the Earth Captive, and hold Heav'n in scorn,
 And Kings and Princes shall their Poms adorn:
 Yet though they thus Triumphant Glory get,
 They shall fall prostrate at a Woman's feet;
 Resign their Scepter but to stop a Crown,
 And for a smile they shall present a Crown.
 In these all mischiefs and all sorrows dwell:
 Were't not for Woman we should have no Hell.
 But to his task let ev'ry one Repair,
 Be circumspect, and tempt each soul with care:
 Be sure you make 'em all of Heav'n despair.
 For the success we hitherto have found;
 Let Hell in Universal Joy abound,
 And as they play we'll here repose a while,
 And midst our Torments strive to gain a smile.

They lay themselves down, A Song is Sung, expressing the joy they take in destroying the world, and how their pains are lessened, in having made so brave a Revenge. And, in several Figures, Antick Dances are represented, which done, they vanish, and the rest fly out of sight.

End of the Fifth Act.

ACT the Second.

The Scene Represents a Glorious Sun in its full Meridian.

Enter the Angel Gabriel and Noah, as in Discourse.

Noah. **A**ND is the time so nigh? Can't Tears obtain
 A little Truce? Are all mens Pray'rs in vain?
 Will not Oblations his fierce wrath abate?
 Nor Holy Sacrifice drive back his hate?

The

The smell of Incense he was wont to love;
 Will not sweet savours mollifie, nor move?
 Must all our Altars empty titles bear?
 Can't bended knees prevail, nor fervent Pray'r?
 To spotless Souls no Obstacle is giv'n,
 Sincerity will open the very Gates of Heav'n.

Gabr. You argue well, but only you alone,
 That great Prerogative of Love must own;
 A Holy Life has all your Actions crown'd,
 Therefore both Grace and Favour you have found:
 To you and yours the Covenant is giv'n,
 All else must die that breath on this side Heav'n;
 Therefore prepare with Speed, for e're the Sun
 Hath seven times more, over the Ocean run,
 This fatal Doom must come. —

Noa. Immense Divinity, there's none can scan,
 'Tis too mysterious for the thoughts of man:
 Though all the World must perish in the Flood,
 Yet in Destruction he is always Good,
 His way's unfearchable, no bottom have,
 For often he destroys that he may save:
 Strange Contradiction! yet as strangely true,
 From the old World must rise a happier new:
 As in the Vineyards we th'old Branches lop,
 That from their stock may rise a better crop.

Gabr. You are the Vintage which such Joys must bring,
 You are, at once, both Priest and Offering;
 And from your Loins shall rise so vast a Birth,
 Your Progeny shall people all the Earth:
 Children, like Branches of the Vine, shall spread,
 And clasping Tendrils shall adorn your Head,
 Clusters of Off-springs from your Stock shall rise,
 And new Create in th' World a Paradise.

Noa. For his great Love how can I Tribute give?
 When all's destroy'd, to suffer me to Live!
 His tender Love is Excellently high,
 Thus to preserve so mean a Slave as I:

I do confess, I do his Image bear,
If that's the Reason he my life doth spare,
All Mankind else should in his Favour share.

Gab. Man first of an unspotted mould he made,
But with base sin they since his stamp allay'd,
And to his Image they such soils have giv'n,
The Coyn will never current pass in Heav'n.

Noa. How then shall I escape, since all do sin?

Gabr. You with Obedience do your Maker win;
Leave all the rest to him, and but obey,
You need not fear the Resurrection Day.
Then you'll in pleasing Anthems mount on high,
And Hallelujahs sing throughout the Sky.

Noa. You've to my Soul such consolation giv'n,
Methinks, like *Henoch*, I am snatch'd to Heav'n.

Gabr. Observe the mighty Dictates then in hand,
And with Obedience finish his Command;
Be sure your self, and yours, be ready there,
And of each Fowl, and of each Beast a pair.
Of the clean Beasts the Ark must seven contain,
But of unclean he doth but two ordain:
Take heed you fail not to perform his Will.

Noa. With Joy and Gladness I'll his Acts fulfil.

Gabr. Hail best of men, I now must leave you here,
When the time's nigh I will again appear,
Be circumspect, and guard your thoughts with Pray'r,
For the Apostate Angels lurk i'th Air,
They'll use all means your tender heart to win,
And with false pleasures tempt your Soul to sin:
All Hail. ————— [*Gabriel flies away.*

Noa. All Hail to thee, thou Messenger of Heav'n,
With speed I'll act the charge that thou hast giv'n:
But see the Monsters come, with furious rage,
Nor men, nor Angels can their pride assuage,
For against Heav'n and Earth a War they wage.
Their killing eyes I must with care escape:
Men monstrous in their natures as their shape.

These, these are they, who have destroy'd the Earth;
O wicked times ! but, O more wicked birth ! [Exit.

*Enter Abaddon and Agon, two monstrous Giants.
The Scene a Hilly Country.*

Ab. How calm's the Air ! What, is his Thunder gone ?
Nay then, I'll mount the Sky, and seize his Throne.

Agon. The trembling Moon I'll into pieces rent,
And twist the Stars out of his Firmament.

Ab. The Sun himself that doth so bright appear,
I'll drag about the Sky by's golden Hair,
Then spurn him in the Sea, and quench him there.

Agon. Thunder nor Lightning shall my passage stay,
Angels, nay, Gods shall fall that stop my way.
If Clouds met Clouds, and Storm met Storms, I'de through,
This hand of mine should their whole force subdue :
Whirl-winds shall back upon themselves be driv'n,
And such Assaults shall to their Guards be giv'n,
They shall be forc'd to yield, to us, their Heav'n.

Ab. Let us th' advantage take, while Heav'n is fair ;
And all these little Mountains let's prepare,
To raise *Olympus* high'r, methinks the Sun
Leans on the top o' th' Hill, let's hast and run,
And as he rests surprize him there.

[By this time the Sun hath
got over the top of the Hill.

Agon. ————— 'Tis vain,
For when we'r there, he's as far off again.

Ab. Then on the Hills we must more Mountains rear.

Agon. This Mountain then you to the top must bear.

Ab. With ease I will perform it, mighty Brother,
That in this Arm, and under this another.

Agon. Yon mighty Mountain I my self, will bring,
And on *Olympus* top with ease I'll sing.

Ab. But see the light o' th' Glorious Sun decays.

[Here the Sun is all o're darkned with a Cloud.

Agon. He hears us, and for fear draws in his Ray ;

We Hills on Hills will raise, till we'r so high,
 That from their tops we'l step into the Sky,
 And all their mighty Godheads tumble down,
 Placing upon our selves th' Imperial Crown :
 But see our valiant Brothers hither throng,
 We'l make Heav'n tremble as we march along.

As they advance towards them, great flashes of Lightning are seen breaking from the Cloud that covers the Sun, after which dreadful claps of Thunder are heard, the Cloud breaks in two, and a shower of fire falls on 'em and destroys 'em: The Sun on a sudden recovers his light, then Lucifer, Satan, Beelzebub, Asmoday and Belial, rise out of the Earth.

Luc. See where the Trophies of our Triumphs lye,
 This is a way makes sure of Victory,
 To make 'em first curse God, then cursing die.

Sat. There's no Redemption for that wicked state,
 Where they sin high, and do repent too late;
 And now the World is brought to such a Fate.

Beel. They'r hardned now, and do their Fates defie,
 Despising the great pow'r of the most High.

Asm. They'r past repentance, and each strives to be
 Crown'd the most famous man for Infamy:
 But see Despair comes melancholy in,
 Our surest aim, and mans most dangerous sin.

Enter Despair melancholy, walking with his Arms a cross.

Desp. What have I done that I must thus be driven,
 And banish'd from the glorious light of Heav'n?
 Bankrupt of hope, I must a pris'ner stay,
 The World it self cannot my forfeits pay:
 What have I done ! Let all strange mischiefs be
 Sum'd up, that wait on man, and they'r in me;
 Whoredom, Pride, Murther, Blasphemy and Lust,
 Ambition, Rape, and Envy: all the worst
 Ingredients of sin to make me curst.

And

And curst I am, in all I do or say,
 Fiends stop my mouth when I'de devoutly pray;
 I'de think of Heav'n, but they those thoughts expel,
 And in its glorious room present me Hell.
 Horrors, confusions, all the Plagues that are
 Reckon'd in Hell, are harbour'd in despair;
 Legions of Devils do my mind possess,
 And rob my Soul of its true happiness:
 I'm sure I'm damn'd, what need I then take care
 Whither I go, since Hell is ev'ry where?
 Than to live thus, 'tis better far to die,
 And end this endless plague of misery,
 All is but Hell, and this shall set me free.

Stabs himself and dies.

Enter a Man-Lover.

Lov. Rejected Love who can with patience bear?
 She bids me, though I prostrate fall, despair,
 The angry Goddess scorns to hear my Pray'r.
 Lovers forsook, death before Treasures crave,
 And think no Spouse so happy as a Grave.
 Then farewell Love, farewell my sweet desire,
 Surely these Waves will quench my raging fire.

[Throws himself from a precipice into the Sea.

Enter a Woman-Lover.

Wom. Lov. First to contract, then basely to depart!
 Was too too cruel for my tender heart;
 For since he's gone I do my self disdain,
 I'm turn'd a Reprobate and Heav'n prophane,
 Run mad with rage, with this I'll ease my pain.

[Drinks a Cup of Poyson and dies.

Lnc. But see Ambition on great Pride attends,
 Seldom afunder, and yet seldom friends.

Enter

Enter Pride and Ambition.

Pride. You'r too ambitious and too sawcy grown,
Thus to intrude when I would be alone.

Amb. Most mighty Queen, let me your wrath appease,
I ne're approach you but on bended knees;
See at your feet where your offender lies,
And for his fault, when e're you please, he dies:
You are the Saint to whom I always pray,
It is for you I languish night and day,
And at your Shrine my Soul doth pine away.

Pride. Such flattery, such a deluding Art,
Attends all Courts, but ne're shall win my heart;
Your sighs, and groans, and pray'r's, are all in vain,
And all these Adulations are prophane:

You'r an Impostor, and with fraud beguile,
But know, none but great Kings shall gain a smile.

Amb. That you may look serene, such force I'll bring,
I'll in an instant crown my self a King;
Nay, I'll be more, for with my mighty pow'r,
I'll over all the World reign Emperor:
The petty Kings shall all their Crowns submit,
And lay their Scepters at your Royal feet:
The plenteous World her dainties shall afford,
And choice varieties shall spread your board,
There's not a sense but shall such pleasures find,
When they combine they shall intrance the mind:
I'll ransack Natures Wardrobe, and adorn
You far more brighter than the rising morn.

Pride. These I enjoy already, I am Queen,
Of all rich Natures richest Magazeen;
Kings with their Scepters at my feet lie down,
And ev'ry Conqueror presents a Crown.

Amb. Since no content, to you, on Earth is giv'n,
I'll change my thoughts, and will advance to Heav'n;
Where you for Jewels glittering Stars shall wear,
And streaming Lights shall guild your radiant hair,

The Sun shall for us his bright mantle spread,
 And we will sleep in sweet *Auroras* Bed,
 Where, like to them, each other we'll embrace,
 Raising your maiden blushes in your face;
 With eager zeal lie panting by your side,
 A loving Bridegroom, you a willing Bride;
 Free to enjoy, expanding all your Charms,
 Throwing your self and love into my Arms,
 Where in close twinings through the Air we'll fly,
 And all the Gods that do our Actions spy,
 Shall envy us for our Mortality.
 Then if again we would to earth repair,
 We'll gently glide through the soft yielding Air,
 Dissolving both into a falling Star.

Pride. Your mind soars high, but I have thoughts much
 Godlike Ideas do my soul inspire, (higher,
 And I breath nothing now but Heav'nly fire.
 Seraphs, and Cherubs, shall companionous be,
 And the bright Angels all shall wait on me:
 I scorn all Kings, and their base earths abode,
 None shall enjoy my love beneath a God;
 And you, Earths Gally-slave, thus to aspire
 To raise your thoughts on me! Vile wretch retire,
 And in some dirty Creek o'th' Earth forlorn,
 Expire as basely as you're basely born.

Exit Pride.

Amb. I'll follow thee where ever thou dost fly,
 I must enjoy, or in pursuit I'll die.

Exit Amb.

*The Scene opens, and discovers several horrid Murthers,
 drinking to Excess, Quarrels, Broils, Rapes, &c.*

Luc. Behold whole Troops of sins the fields surround,
 In each dividual sin they so abound,
 And with such boldness they all blifs descie,
 They'd act their sins though Angels should stand by.
 Without allurements they to sin are brought,
 Performing crimes we scarce our selves e're thought:

Those are the chief great Agent sins which we
With Triumph view, but Heav'n does weep to see.

Sat. Yet still we will pursue their direful fall,
'Tis true State-Policy to conquer all,
And not let one survive. —

Luc. This Gallant deed
Outvies our Labours past, if it succeed :
I'll manage this affair my self, and all
This Holy Tribe into my snare shall fall.

Mol. The brave by fortune are in Triumph lead :
A glorious Halo does surround your head ;
True Omen of success. —

Luc. Hear then the way — before the mighty Rain
Shall fall, the Angel will appear again ;
As they discours'd, I, hovering in the Air,
Heard all they said : he bid him have a care
Of us, by which precaution we may know,
He's not impossible to overthrow.
I'll shake off all these shagged shades of Night,
And will adorn my self with Robes of Light,
Appearing, like to him, all Fair and Bright.
Then with a fawning, smooth, delusive Tale,
Upon his tender Conscience shall prevail ;
I'll tell him, that the pious Pray'rs he sent
To Heav'n, does the Worlds fall prevent,
And that a longer date is now decreed,
Before the mighty Judgment will proceed :
Persuading him, this concourse of the Earth
Must be dispers'd, each to their place of Birth ;
That when the fatal Deluge shall be nigh,
All, unprovided, in the Flood may die.

Asm. This proposition you have stated well,
A thought, fit only for the Prince of Hell.

Luc. In the mean time, lest we should idle be,
Pr'h' Holy Tribe, let's raise up Jealousie ;
And on true Love we'll stamp so base a shape,
They shall mistake embraces for a Rape.

Sat. Though they are free from each dividual sin,
We need not fear, if we with this begin;
For with suspicion Legions enter in :
Fear, hate, revenge, all plagues within 'em dwell,
A Jealous Lover is possess'd with Hell.

Linc. Now to our Gloomy Caverns let us go,
Carrying glad tydings to our States below :
Since all we act prevails with such success,
We, even in Hell it self, find happiness.

They all sink ; as they vanish, great Flashes of Fire are seen, and horrid Acclamations of Joy are heard. The Scene on a sudden changes, and represents Hell, where sundry Devils are flying up and down, and others in extravagant postures dancing for joy, &c.

End of the second Act.

ACT the Third.

Scene a pleasant Garden adorn'd with various walks, and close Bowers, and Enameled with Purling Rivolets ; a Showre of Rain is seen to fall : the Sky on a sudden clears up, and a glorious Sun appears.

Enter Sem, and Philothea, Japhets wife.

Phil. **S**ure Brother, the sad time is drawing nigh,
And this same Scene th' event doth Prophecy ;
Such a bright Morn, before, sure ne're did rise
From such a boistrous night, such Gloomy Skies :
Yet still the fragrant Flowers raise up their Heads,
That were beat down by the swift falling Showre,
With lively Grace deck their Ennameld Beds,
And smell far sweeter than they did before.

Sem. The proposition you propound is well,
 This Stormy Night may the great Flood foretel,
 It is so long since any Rain did fall,
 That it seems now a Prodigie to all;
 And though the Storm was great, yet view around,
 The Earth has but its due refreshment found:
 And rather doth the Vales adorn, than spoil,
 Making the Meadows seem with Joy to smile,
 So we by this sad Emblem may express,
 Our present state, and future happiness;
 The Worlds destruction in the Tempest born,
 And our felicity in th' rising Morn:
 The Suns bright Beams do promise to requite,
 With joyful Rays, this Tragedy of Night,
 Decking the Day with his Transcendent Light.

Phil. Like to himself, his mighty Blessings rise,
 Both Infinite, and none can them comprise.

Sem. We Hecatoombs of Sacrifices owe,
 Which on his Holy Altars soon we'll rair,
 And in thanksgiving we our zeal will show,
 For all his Favours, in an humble Pray'r.
 Yet for the blessed Talent we receive,
 Our Stewardship can't satisfaction give.

Phil. He ne're requires returns for what he lends,
 So that we manage it for happy ends;
 He bestows Grace, which grace if we accept,
 In the acceptance we discharge the Debt.

Sem. Than the receiving, something more is due,
 We must increase, and multiply it too:
 For barely to accept the Grace that's giv'n,
 Is not the ready way to mount to Heav'n.

Phil. Grace is the Center where all vertues fall,
 And having that we do embrace 'em all:
 As in the body of one single Grain,
 The species of several more remain.

Sem. As each dividual Grain its numerous birth,
 And its increase owes to the fertile Earth,

So we for Grace Indebted are to Heav'n,
 Of which a just account must once be giv'n.
 Or like neglectful husbandmen, our Crops
 Will blasted be, and rob us of our hopes:
 So we Heav'n's Harvest must with care get in,
 Or what's a virtue soon will turn a sin.
 But this discourse defer, and let us praise
 And magnifie th' eternity of Days.
 Come, Sister, to the Altar let's repair,
 And the small time we have we'll spend in Pray'r;
 With all sincerity we'll him adore,
 Mankind can ask, and He'll exact no more:
 When to th' All-high there's such a Victim giv'n,
 Bright Angels wait to carry't up to Heav'n.

Phil. By all th' endearments of a Royal mind,
 I love you more than man; so sweet, so kind
 Are all your mellow'd words, that I rejoyce,
 And think, when e're you speak, I hear an Angels voice.

As they are going out Japhet Enters.

Japh. And I a Devils tongue. Oh Heavens! that she
 Should be so kind to him, so false to me.
 To love him more than man! Oh tortur'd heart!
 Sure Jealousie has shot me with her Dart.
 What a strange fancy does my mind surprize,
 Her Soul, me thought, flew to him, from her eyes,
 A glowing heat did in her face appear,
 Showing, at once, her passion and her fear.
 But I'll observe and watch where they repair,
 For now's the time for Sacrifice and Pray'r.
 And if they should prove false, they both shall die,
 And fall a Victim for Idolatry,
 For bowing to that Idol in the Eye.

Exit.

The Scene opens, and represents several Altars with Sacrifices on them, the Sacrificers devoutly kneeling before them. A Cloud of Fire Descends on the Altars, and consumes the Sacrifices, then Ascend. A Song is sung all the while the Cloud rises, expressing the acceptance of their Sacrifice, and then the Scence changes to the Garden.

Enter Noah.

Noah. What unaccustom'd miracle is this,
 That Heav'nly fire should burn our Sacrifice?
 How like a Meteor it trild through the Air,
 As swiftly down as upward went our Pray'r.
 The Omen's good, for by the token giv'n,
 Our Pray'rs and Victims both are gone to Heav'n:
 But see, from far a Messenger is sent,
 Seeming to bear some news of vast portent;
 For by his swiftness he out-flies the Wind,
 Out-strips the Lightning, and leaves time behind:
 And he's already here. —————

Enter Lucifer in Robes of Light.

Luc. ————— Hail mighty Prince,
 The news I bring will much amaze your sense;
 For by your Holy Pray'rs, and Pious Zeal,
 You the Destruction of the World repeal:
 You call back Fate, which does so swiftly move,
 So strong's your Mighty Faith, so good Heav'n's Love,
 Mankind is sav'd, you need not now embark
 Your selves, nor Beasts, for all the World's an Ark.
 Salvation to you all I must declare,
 For Heav'n, against the World, proclaims no War.
 All wrath's defer'd, and now your mighty train
 Of Birds and Beasts, must be dispers'd again;
 Each to their homes, the Beasts to Woods and Brakes,
 The Fowl to Meadows, Woods, Springs, Ponds and Lakes:
 To confirm which, if you a sign require,
 Instead of rain shall fall a Showre of Fire.

[*A Showre of Fire falls down.*]

Noah. I something doubted whar was said by you,
 But now this token doth confirm it true,
 For the All-high doth seldom speak in vain,
 Nor cancels that which he doth Pre-ordain;

This

This very day too, is the last of all,
 That he design'd before the Rain should fall:
 But pardon me, if I mistrustful was,
 The strictness of my Duty was the cause,
 And the great charge that I receiv'd before,
 To act his Will, increas'd it something more.
 Besides, our Granaries are full of store;
 The Ark's so furnish'd too, we need no more:
 Yet your Commands I shall with speed obey,
 They shall be scatter'd all by break of Day.
 To what the goodness of th' All-High doth tend,
 I must admire, but cannot comprehend. [Exit Noah.

Luc. The deed is done; now if Heav'n's eye prove blind,
 They too shall die, as well as all Mankind.
 How frail is man! How brittle Natures Frame!
 Their Sense and Judgment bears an empty name;
 Their Reason, like their Natures, too are small,
 One false Idea can delude 'em all.
 So *Eve*, and the first man I did betray;
 Now *Noah*, second *Adam*, lead astray:
 With a false show, and with a Robe of Light,
 I have Eclipt his reason, stop'd his sight,
 That he mistakes me for an Angel Bright.
 But hold, I brag too soon, from yonder Sky,
 The mighty Angel, *Gabriel*, I spy:
 At sight of him my Burnish'd Rays decay,
 My glittering Robes do melt and fade away,
 And all the Fiend that's in me doth betray.
 I fain would sink and hide me from his face,
 But he hath chain'd me to this very place:
 I dread to hear Heav'n's direful Thunder fall,
 That was the Engine first destroy'd us all,
 That does my Soul and Spirits too confound,
 That makes me prostrate fall upon the ground,
 And lye here groveling to receive the wound.

*A Clap of Thunder is heard, at which, Noah and the rest return
 as frighted, Gabriel flies down, and Lucifer sinks at the same time.
 And immediately Lucifer rises in his horrid shape.* *Gabr.*

Gabr. Cursed Impostor ! do'st thou think the eyes,
 Of the All-High can't see thy false disguise ?
 That he should be by a Phantastick Shade
 Deceiv'd, and cou's'ned, who the substance made ?
 No, thy Impostum'd fancy is as vain,
 As when you fought with Heav'n, in Heav'n to Reign
 Supream, and th' Empyrean Crown to sway,
 Then, then, how soon you fell, and lost the Day.
 Think how you rowl'd into Eternal pain,
 With all your numerous astonish'd Train ;
 Think but of that, you'l ne're project again.
 But for this deed thou shalt Heav'n's Vengeance feel,
 And on thy Head shall fall its pointed steel,
 And sink thee down into the deep Abyss ;
 Where whirling headlong with a direful Hiss,
 The damn'd themselves shall wonder how you fell,
 And you in Hell shall find a hotter Hell :
 For you such Torments shall endure, even all
 Hells mighty pains shall shew to yours but small.

Luc. Since you upbraid me, know, that I despise
 The mighty Thunders of your Potent Sky ;
 For being Prince of all the Heav'nly train
 That fell, I therefore have the greatest pain :
 Sob'ing inur'd to Tortures, I can bear
 All the Extremities you can prepare,
 And still rejoyce, I can so far deceive,
 As with my guiles to make 'm all believe.
 From me that dismal Sentence first began,
 That made th' All-High wish he had ne're fram'd man :
 So to perform't, I did their lives pursue,
 That I might have a New-born World t'undo.

Gabr. These horrid Blasphemies your hate doth vent,
 Shall be reveng'd with direful punishment ;
 And since you can dispense with pains, prepare
 To entertain Heav'n's Thunderbolts of War.

*[Lightning and Thunder falls down upon Lucifer, with
 which he sinks, after which, a horrid noise is heard.]*

So

So now all's safe, you must with care proceed,
 To get all Creatures in the Ark with speed,
 For e're the Eastern Sun salutes the Skies,
 The Fountains of the mighty Deep shall rise,
 The great Flood-Gates of Heav'n shall open wide
 Their Sluce, and fall like an impetuous Tide;
 But e're I part, I will each Creature mark,
 For fear some Fiend should get into the Ark
 In a Beasts borrowed shape: then shall begin
 The Rain, and then I'll come and shut you in.

[Exit Gabriel.

Noa. Into what dang'rous perils had we fell,
 By this Delusion of the Prince of Hell!
 Had not the eye of Heav'n Protector been,
 And sav'd us all from this unpardon'd sin:
 For this great Love we'll all thanksgiving pay,
 In mem'ry of this sad, yet joyful day,
 And ne're desist till time shall fade away.
 In Holocausts, Sin-Offerings, and Flame,
 In Holy Anthems, we'll his praise proclaim,
 And magnifie, throughout the World, his Name.

Exit.

Enter Moloch in the shape of a Beast.

Mol. Curst be his cunning search; can there no shape,
 No Plot, the piercing eye of Heav'n escape?
 I in this Beastly form, thought I was safe,
 And often to my self did smile and laugh,
 To think how soon, wise Heav'n I might beguile,
 And all its tedious undertakings spoil;
 When Lo, I heard an Angels mystick Charm,
 That did my Soul and Spirits both alarm:
 Thus rous'd, I quickly from his presence flew,
 As swift as thought, yet still as falling Dew:
 The very sense of what he did declare,
 Does pierce me deeper, than his Thunder, far.
 And I'm asham'd I came so tame away,
 And blush to think I durst not disobey;

E

That

That my great will's controul'd, there lies my pain;
 That makes my Hell, and links my direful Chain.
 When the great charm is heard i'th Deep below,
 We, blushing, gaze about, then weep our woe,
 Grieve for what's past, then vex for being so.
 When most in mischief, then we most are well;
 Thoughts of Repentance make our greatest Hell.
 To desp'rate Souls, when the last Trumpet sounds,
 The word for Ever, Everlasting wounds,
 So desperation 'tis our Souls confounds:
 But since by Stratagem, nor Ambuscade,
 We can't the mighty Force of Heav'n invade,
 By strength alone, our Force we must declare,
 And 'gainst the Ark proclaim an open War:
 We'l the whole power of the four Winds let go,
 They East, and West, and North and South shall blow,
 Till, by their blasts, the Ark they overthrow.
 Then we'l rejoyce over this conquer'd Ball,
 With dreadful Hollows Triumph in its Fall.

[Sinks down.

End of the Third Act.

ACT the Fourth.

Scene the Deluge, representing Men and Beasts, of all sorts, promiscuously swimming together, only one Hill remaining above the Waves. The Ark is discovered on the Surface of the Waters.

Enter some few Men as escap'd from the lower parts.

1st Man. **O** H wretched State of Man! where shall I fly?
 Wheree're I look, a thousand Deaths I spy!
 Yet by one cause it is all Creatures die;
 So Pestilential Air Mens veins does burn,
 And all Diseases to the Plague do turn.

Agues

Agues and Feavers, all the num'rous throng
Of Maladies, that to Mankind belong :
Old Age, and Infancy, and all must have,
For their sure Remedy, one certain Grave,
A floating Tomb form'd of a swelling Wave.

2. *Man.* In vain, our selves, we title Lords of all,
And with the names of Mighty, Puissant, call.
Great Kingdoms, Nations, Monarchies and Powers,
With idle flattery we say all's ours :
Since ev'ry Insect, ev'ry Creature can,
This great Plenipotentiary unman ;
Nay, through our veins such killing poysons pass,
Each small Distemper breaks the brittle Glass.
But these we fear not, though pernicious they,
Too often take our pretious Lives away :
A greater Plague is come, a Draught that will,
Not only Man and Beast, but even Nature kill.

3. *Man.* Vain mis-believing Man ! Can't death be found,
Nor learnt, but when he's striking of the Wound ?
Can't we believe his mighty piercing Steel,
Nor know his Dart before its point we feel ?
But now, too late, we see our dreadful Foe,
And strive to shun what we are sure to know ;
He stalks along with a Majestick pace,
With direful Desolation in his Face :
Castles and Tow'rs, Rocks, Mountains, all are vain,
All are o're-whelm'd, all cover'd by the Rain,
And only this doth 'bove the Waves remain.
Too late we now believe our Reverend Sire,
Too late we know his truths, and worth admire :
Now his Prophetick raging Judgment's come,
And in the rapid Waves we find our Tomb.
In vain he preach'd, in vain good manners taught,
Him and his Precepts both we set at naught,
Which has this dire Destruction on us brought.

Exeunt.

*Enter a Woman with several Children hanging about her,
some in her Arms, &c.*

1. *Chil.* O my dear Mother, how the Waves do roar.

Moth. My aid, Dear Children, you in vain implore;
I've given you all, and now can give no more:
Unless I do anticipate your fears,
And Drown you all in Deluges of Tears:
Like to a harmless Herd that hasts away,
From a fierce Tyger that would on 'em prey;
And to some safe retiring Covert fly,
Where they in vain their small Defence try,
Till the poor Dams do wish their young ones die.
But I'm afraid, so faint my Spirits grow,
And grief's so great, I shall prevent the blow.

2. *Chil.* Will you then die, and leave us here alone,
To all things, but to misery, unknown?
Strangers to all, where e're we walk or go,
Companions only to sad grief and woe;
We their acquaintance in all places find,
Marching before, or tracing us behind.

3. *Chil.* What shall we do? if we stay here we die;
To yonder higher Mountain let us fly,
It is some ease to prolong misery.

Moth. Cheer up, my Infants, since no hopes remain,
But that together we must all be slain,
And in one Dismal Grave Intomb'd must lie;
Thus hand in hand we will prepare to die,
And launch from hence into Eternity.

1. *Chil.* Here I will grasp. ————— [*Hangs on the Mother.*]

2. *Chil.* ————— Here I'll for ever stay,
Till Desolation hurries me away.

Moth. Thus then let's go, let each one take their hold,
And Miser-like, I'll perish with my Gold.
So desp'rate Souls that on their Deaths bed lie,
Take their last Cordial, and then faint and die.

Exeunt.

The

The Scene changes, and discovers a throng of ^{men,} Women, and Children on the highest Mountains, who on a sudden are all overwhelm'd with the Waves. The Scene changes again, and represents Hell, with Lucifer, Sathan, Beelzebub, Asmodey and Belial, sitting in Council in their Pandæmonium; Moloch swiftly flying down to them.

Mol. Hell and Damnation seize this mystick sense,
And Curse upon the eye of Providence;
Such a design, so close, so surely laid,
One should have thought, would all Heav'n's watch evade;
Hid ev'n to all but *Gabriels* searching eyes,
Who soon discover'd me through this Disguise:
Those piercing eyes that penetrate all bars,
And shine far brighter than the clearest Stars;
From his Transcendent Beams I stole away,
And swift as wind I div'd beneath the day,
But his more swifter eyes trac'd all my way.
I grinning turn'd me round, and saw the Door
Of th' Ark made fast, he standing just before,
With his bright Flaming sword; so now we are
Compel'd by Force to proclaim open War.
By this time too, the Waters so prevail,
They o're the tops o'th' highest Mountains scale;
That fifteen Cubits 'bove the Earth they rise,
And by their height they seem to touch the Skies.
So to our War, a stop may soon be giv'n,
Unless we hast, the Ark so high is driv'n,
I fear, before we go, 'twill sail to Heav'n.

Luc. Then let us haste, with all our Banners spread,
Blazon'd with all the Trophies of the Dead;
With a large Deluge that to Heav'n does flow,
A Shipwreck'd Ark, half sinking down below,
And all our Legions following their blow.
Thus let us pass, and through the Deluge glide,
Springing, like thought, above the swelling Tide.

[They all fly out of sight.]

The Scene changes; Representing all destroy'd but the Ark, which is swimming on the Surface of the Waters. All the Devils appear again.

Luc. Ho *Moloch*! loose the Eastern Wind, let go,
Belial, the West, both shall together blow,
 You, *Asmodey*, must rule the Southern Wind,
 Ho *Beelzebub*! the stubborn North unbind,
 Whilst I and *Satan*, like two mighty Whales,
 Toss up the Ark, with our impetuous Tails;
 And beat and bandy it from Wave to Wave,
 Till 'tis impossible for Heav'n to save.
 Let us all Charge, and with one dreadful Shock,
 Sink down this floating World, this swimming Rock;
 Which though through Dangers it doth safely ride,
 And boldly with its Prow doth sweep the Tide,
 Yet not so safe, but that no doubt we may
 Make it a brave and a Triumphant day.

Here they all assault the Ark, and almost overturn it. Several Flaming Charlots full of Angels fly down, from whence breaks Thunder and Lightning, which drives them headlong into the Deep. The Scene changes, and represents Noah in the Ark.

Noah. What dreadful noise and roarings round us move,
 Far be't that we have fin'd to lose Heav'n's Love,
 To feel his Wrath, making our bliss become
 A Curse, our Sanctuary turn our Tomb.
 Escaping Rocks and Shipwracks, now to find
 His Goodness Infinite to be unkind;
 But far be't too, I should his Love mistrust,
 Who is all Mercy, all Divine, all Just,
 Who from his word doth never go away;
 His Cov'nant is Eternal, as the Day.
 For he protecting, Rocks, nor Gulphs avail,
 Through Seas of Storms we shall in safety sail.

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Sin and Death, Sin appearing upward like a fair Beautiful Woman, but ending in a Serpentine Scaly Tail, Death wearing a Crown of Gold upon his Head.

Sin. What glorious Trophies ought t' adorn my Head,
Since I have Crown'd you Lord o're all the Dead.

Dea. It was from you that I did first begin,
My Father *Satan*, but my Mother *Sin*:
So for my b'ing, I'm ready to obey,
And wait your strict Commands both Night and Day;
Where e're you go, I will your train attend,
To see your Enemies or dearest Friend.

Sin. For thy great Love I've had thee to the Court,
My chief delight, where all my Friends resort;
Envy, Ambition, Malice, Hatred, Pride,
Lust, Flattery, and all the rest beside,
Too tedious to account: by whose sly ways
And guiles, we've gain'd our selves Immortal praise.

Dea. There I did first grow great, I was before
Naked, and starv'd, and miserably poor:
When I on Plants and Herbs did feed, and all
That e're the tedious Scyth of *Time* did fall,
When I in Towns and Cottages did live,
All that I had would no contentment give:
So lean and thin I look'd, 'twas only then
I got the name of Skeleton from men;
But since, at Court, I've fill'd this Rav'nous Jaw,
And with sweet Dainties cram'd and gorg'd my Maw,
That now I am grown so vigorous at heart,
I dare encounter Armies with my Dart.

Sin. Nay, more, your mighty Empire spreads so far,
Its boundless circuit does admit no Bar:
So Monarch-like you Reign o're ev'ry thing,
Except the Ark, you're Universal King.
That Ark, which like the World, if it should be
O'rethrown, you, next to that, will ruin me.

Then shall your Empire end, so soon as I
Do leave this World, you too, your self, must die.

Dea. Since I have had such plenty, and such store
Of all varieties, what need I more :

Therefore ne're fear I will Mankind pursue,

So far, as to be forc'd to prey on you :

You are forbidden Fruit, and if I try,

To tast of you, I, when I tast, must die,

And lose this Earthly Paradise, and be

For ever lost in vast Eternity.

So for your sake, the Ark shall safely sail,

And o're the Waves, as they o're all, prevail ;

So Heavenly is your face, you shall be seen,

In future Ages, a most Glorious Queen :

You shall be deck'd in such deluding Charms,

That Kings shall wish to die between your Arms ;

Lie panting on your Breast, and with one smile,

You Universal Nature shall beguile.

A Talent but to touch, or glance, or toy,

A thousand for a kiss, the World t' enjoy.

Nay, men your company shall like so well,

Within your Tents they shall desire to dwell,

And for your Love shall pawn their Souls to Hell.

Sin. You chear my Spirits now, and I presage

I shall grow mighty in th'ensuing Age.

As I have been in this, but that the fall

And price of sin won't be so general :

From *Noah's* Vineyard, I already spy

Him drunk with Wine, and naked to the eye :

His laughing Son does a sad Curse obtain,

Such are th' effects of a distemper'd Brain.

A Curse which will for ever last, and be

A sad remembrance to Posterity.

Hence Curses, Murthers, Whoredom, Rapes, proceeds,

Incest, Blatphemous words, and desprate Deeds ;

Hence do most mischiefs rise, therefore my Son,

I call this sin my lovely Paragon :

From whence to you shall many Trophies fly,
By Surfets, Feavers, Broils, do most men die.

Dea. This sin to me is a most welcom guest,
For ev'ry Day it yields a plenteous Feast.

*{ The Dove with an Olive Branch
flies cross the Stage.*

But see the *Dove* with an indulgent care,
Hasts to the Ark, through the mild peaceful Air,
And in his beak an *Olive Branch* doth bear:
Emblem of Peace, white Parlee Flag, which he,
The Ensign waves, to set the Monarch free;
Pen'd up in th' Ark, which on the Mount doth stand,
In safety now upon the stable Land:
Such joy will from this Embassage be giv'n,
As dying Saints, in Vision, view their Heav'n.
Therefore with haste you thither must repair,
With fly Temptations bring them to your snare:
Ple follow you, and whilst you make the set,
I, over all, will draw the fatal Net.

Sin. Come, Son, like Ice I will to all appear,
Where they slide swiftly on, and never fear;
Seldom look back, to see what does pursue,
But boldly venture, and ne're think of you:
Until at last they hear the dreadful crack,
In vain they then repent, in vain look back. *[Exeunt.]*

*The Scene changes, and discovers Noah in the Ark, the
Angel Gabriel appearing to him.*

Gabr. Hail Earths preserver, Heav'n remembers thee,
And all thy Creatures, all thy Family;
For on the Earth he's caus'd a Wind to blow,
Has struck the Flood; and made it sink below:
Th' Almighty Word no sooner heard, but they
With hasty zeal march forward to obey,
And to their utmost *Thule* swiftly ran,
Sinking i' th' Deep, from whence they first began.

The Earth her throwd of Waters throws away,
 And all appears most pleasant, sweet, and gay :
 It seems to be Earths Coronation day,
 A New-born Light springs from the Torrid Flood,
 And Heav'n again declares that it is good :
 He is all Peace, and now sends his Command,
 You from the Ark depart to Till the Land,
 You, and all yours must to the Earth repair,
 Each creeping thing, all Beasts and Birds of th' Air :
 For he this Blessing doth bequeath once more,
 Increase and Multiply the World with store.
 Hail, and Farewell. —————

Exit:

[Noah turning to his Family.]

Noah. You hear th' Ambrosial Words Divinely sweet,
 Like Harmony, when Concords joyntly meet.
 This immense Goodness, like th' All-High, doth prove,
 Almighty Merciful, Almighty Love,
 The Sun to th' Earth is reconcil'd again,
 And Heav'n reiterates his Grace to men :
 Therefore his Name we will with praise extol,
 And on th' Omnipotent, th' Immortal, call,
 Ev'n all the Ark shall with one voice declare
 Their Love, and sound his Praises through the Air,
 So let our thanks for these great Blessings rise
 In Hallelujahs, Ecchoing through the Skies.

[Exeunt.]

[After some Harmony is heard, the Scene changes, and
 represents them descending from the Ark,

Noah. But hark, what sweet Hosannas fill the Air,
 And charming Notes our happiness prepare ;
 And in my Breast a secret Joy doth rise,
 Whose Symphonies my very Soul surprize :
 By this I know the Earth has found his Grace,
 He doth the Prodigal again embrace,
 And cloaths her all in an embroider'd drefs
 Of many thousand Colours, to express

The

The mighty work of Nature, and her Art,
 Enamelling the Earth in ev'ry part
 With such Imbellish'd streams, in such a hew,
 They speak their own and Makers glory too :
 With silent Oratory they declare
 His Praise, but we in Sacrifice and Pray'r.
 So in Burnt Offerings, and Holy Fire,
 Our Tributary thanks shall t' Heav'n aspire,
 And touch the sense of him and all his Holy Quire. [Exit.] }

The Scene changes, and represents them offering up a Sacrifice of Thanksgiving.

Noa. Since the All-High doth now again restore
 The World, I hope he will destroy't no more;
 And that his Ancient Love he will renew,
 And man no more with such dire wrath pursue.
 But on the wicked let thy fury fly,
 Let Reprobates with the polluted die;
 But let the Innocent thy Grace enjoy;
 Let not one Gangren'd Limb the whole destroy:
 Accept this Sacrifice, which is design'd
 In thanks, for preservation of Mankind.
 Suffer not time to shake our Glass too soon,
 Nor let our Ages Sun-shine set at Noon;
 But to our Patriarchs years let them abound,
 Then fall, like shedding Roses, to the ground:
 That like the Rose, though wither'd, parch'd and dry,
 We may fall sweet, and in perfumes may die.

[The Angel Gabriel flies down to them.]

Gabr. With your Oblations Heaven is pleas'd so well,
 He, from the Earth, does a sweet savour smell;
 And with the World a Covenant doth make,
 He will no more destroy it for Mans sake.
 So if again great Storms and Floods appear,
 No Deluge shall surprize the World with fear;
 He keeps in awe the Cataracts of Rain,
 And the vast Sea does to its Channel chain.

As you are Lords of all, and made above
 All other Creatures, so must be your Love;
 In Love and Quiet Reign, and ever be
 From cruel Murthers, and Manflaughters free:
 For who e're spills the Blood of Man, shall fall
 A bloody Victim to his Funeral.

He is Heav'n's Tyrant, and the Earth's disgrace,
 And stabs his Maker in his Creatures Face:
 The Earth, Sea, Air, and all the things that grow,
 Heav'n does for food, and for your use bestow;
 Only the blood of Beasts you must refrain,
 Since that doth both the Life and Soul conrain:
 So to confirm his promise, he hath bow'd
 His Royal Signet in yon rorrid Cloud.

[*The Rainbow appears.*]

In such a form the painted Arch appears,
 As mourning Heav'n, seems even to smile, in Tears.

Noa. But in such pleasant mourning, such a shrowd,
 It seems to be an Hieroglyphick Cloud,
 Of Grief and Joy, and intermixt so fine,
 The Artist, Nature, shews her Work's Divine;
 And in the Bow no Shaft nor Arrow's seen,
 But the whole scene is peaceful and serene.
 With wonder, and amazement, I behold
 Those streaks of Light, so mixt with streams of Gold,
 It an Enamell'd Amulet doth seem,
 To preserve Man, and all his Race redeem:
 Hang on the bosom of the Sky, to be
 A charm to keep the World from Tempests free.

Gabr. Well dost thou Judg, henceforth shall heat and cold,
 Seed-time, and Harvest, their due Seasons hold:
 Winter and Summer shall their Course maintain,
 And Day and Night shall never err again;
 Till Time and Nature too shall both decay,
 And the last Trumpet summon all away:
 That dreadful sound shall make the Earth to quake,
 The Stars fall down, and Heav'n it self to shake;

The Sun turn black, the Moon all Blood; till then
 Shall all these Blessings be show'd down on men :
 All Hail Mankind, and when this sign you view,
 Think of the Cov'nant seal'd 'twixt Heav'n and you.

Exeunt.

End of the Fourth Act.

ACT the Fifth.

The Scene represents a Vineyard, and all sort of Fruit-Trees.

Noah Enters.

Noah. **L**IKE the six days Creation Earth appears,
 And all the glorious Pomp of Heav'n it wears;
 With a transplendent glory every thing
 Doth shine, and shows a new-born Infant Spring:
 View but each Plant, each Tree, how fair they stand,
 Like Trees of Life, each tempt the willing hand,
 And every Prospect seems an *Eden Land*.
 View the imbroidred Liv'ries of the Flowers,
 The *Eglantine* and *Jess'min* wreath'd in bowers;
 Observe the flavours that from each do rise,
 How through the Air the Balmy Odor flies;
 One would in Transport say——
 The Earth, in joy, with Heav'n doth sympathize.
 The Divine Orange whose Immortal Fruit,
 With the Omnipotence of Heav'n doth suit;
 Her fertile growth is in Eternal Bloom,
 And Emblems forth Eternity to come.
 But, above all, view the rich pregnant Vine,
 How with enamel'd clusters it doth shine,
 Sure this, if any, must be term'd Divine.
 I'll go and taste the Fruit that seems so fair,
 And yet my private thoughts bid me, beware.

F. 3.

Fancy.

Fancy prescribes new Arts, new Methods shews,
 And says, the Vine her Fruit thus ill bestows,
 And that for higher, nobler ends it grows:
 So e're the Sun with his all-parching Ray,
 Distills the juice of th' udder'd Grapes away,
 I will the Dictates of my mind obey.
 Between two Planks the liquid juice I'll squeeze,
 Then drain it forth, and clear it from the Lees:
 The Project's good, I'll hast and try the way,
 'Tis pity that this thought should lose a day. [Exit.

Enter Shem and Japhet, as from work, with fruit.

Shem. How mighty hot does the Sun dart his Beams.

Japh. Let's hast to yonder Crystal purling Streams,
 Where there's an Arbor fram'd by Nature's hand,
 And on each side with pleasant gales 'tis fan'd;
 There let's repose from the fierce scorching heat,
 Repast a while, then to our task retreat.

Shem. And as we go I'll a strange thing relate,
 That bears some hidden Mystery of Fate.
 E're the bright Sun his Eastern course begun,
 And o're the World his purple mantle flung;
 By dawn of day, e're he his portion drew
 Through his Alembick heat of pearly Dew,
 In yonder Mead, as to my task I went,
 I saw (strange sight!) the Aged Elephant,
 Who for his knowledge, (since the World began)
 Excels the whole Creation, except Man:
 I saw this Beast, with greedy appetite,
 Feed on a poysonous Berry, black as night,
 And in its Nature baneful. 'Tis Heav'n's Will
 The outward form should shew the inward still;
 As Toads are ugly made 'cause they're in Nature ill.

Japh. 'Tis strange, a Creature of so vast a sense,
 Should chuse out food of such dire consequence,
 Since every simple Beast, by instinct, can
 Feed on what's good, and what is bad refrain.

Shem.

shem. He had not long fed on this fatal Food,
But that his Eyes grew dim, he trembling stood ;
His Legs like Pillars that might even Towers bear,
Were, like a Bulrush, waver'd by the Air :
His nimble Trunk that cookt him all his meat,
Hung dangling down, and trail'd beneath his feet :
On's Ivory Teeth he lean'd his drowsie Head,
Then on a sudden reel'd, and fell down dead.

Japh. Last night in th' Eve, when in the Western Bay
The Sun had stop'd the swift carrier of Day,
And in the Ocean cool'd his fiery Sreeds,
As strange a thing I saw in yonder Meads ;
One of the stragling Herd stray'd to a rill,
Hid with luxuriant Grass, there drank his fill :
He swill'd so much, I thought he would have burst,
And at the sight I even quench'd my thirst ;
But as he strove to turn his head aside,
Some Meagrim seiz'd his Brain, and he in th' Water died.

shem. Let's to our Father haste, to know th' events,
For these are something more than accidents. [Exit.]

Enter Ham with a Bough of Fruit bleeding in his hand.

Ham. What Prodigie is this ! Wood drops forth Blood !
Sure I've not err'd in gathering my Food ;
And sure there's no forbidden Fruit again :
Heaven has each thing that grows bestow'd on Man,
If so, within these Mystick drops, I see,
Lies some Prophetick that aims at me,
My Soul Prognosticks so, Heaven change my Fate.
Oh Heavens ! This does my wonder more create,
That a pure crimfon hue should dye a black,

[*Call his hand turns black.*]
And make my ruddy Skin a sable cake,
Such a strange change never before befell
To any, but to th' Arch-Angels Host in Hell,
And that my Fate, as theirs, should prove severe,
Does 'bove my wonder far increase my fear.

To learn the truth, Ple to my Fathers Tent,
 He'l soon expound what by this riddle's meant:
 For he who could foretel the mighty Rain,
 Small Oracles of Heaven can sure explain. [Exit.

Enter Satan.

Sat. The godly Man who was so just and good,
 Who like a Cedar in th' Worlds forest stood,
 Who'gainst sins blasts, and Hurricanes prevail'd,
 At length, behold, is fall'n. ———
 The Guardian senses were surpriz'd by sin,
 She undermin'd the Tower, then enter'd in,
 And seiz'd on mighty Reason's Magazine. }
 Hell silence kept, when she her Speech began,
 And all rejoyc'd this second fall of Man;
 I was, my self, strook with amazement too,
 And I am glad I find the Scene prove true:
 But why should I admire that he should be
 So much o're-seen, since 'twas the same with me,
 Drunk with Ambition, down from Heav'n I fell,
 And like a Blazing Comet shot to Hell. ———
 This sin must surely pleasant be, like mine,
 That should o'recome a Man so much Divine;
 The Art I will promote, I plainly see,
 'Tis good, without the gift of Prophecie:
 Mankind most Novelty desires to know,
 Therefore in method I this way will show
 First to compound from Simples; then to make
 The Compound stronger, they strong drugs shall take,
 Then teach to Still; which they shall Spirits call,
 A Liquor that shall farak prove to all, }
 Nay, some shall drink at their own Funeral.
 This Art I'll raise so high, till men aspire
 Like us, to drink up Liquid Flames of Fire.
 But whilst he sleeps, Ple to his fancy show,
 What direful Tragedies from hence shall flow.

Hence

Hence shall such deeds proceed shall Nature fright,
 Make her start back, and sicken at the sight;
 Hence shall the Father with his Off-Springs lie,
 Pollute the intestine Veils of Chastity:
 Incest it self is here too good a sound,
 We want a word should with its accent wound,
 Hence shall the Child all bonds of duty shun,
 The Mother shall be ravish'd by the Son;
 In carnal act lie twin'd within her bed,
 Nay, this lewd Sin shall such contagion spread,
 The Living shall enjoy the very Dead.
 With unchast looks, the Mother shall behold
 Her Virgin child, and learn him to be bold;
 With her false Charms she shall his Soul betray,
 To stain the sacred Temple where he lay,
 And soil the sheets of Natures secret frame:
 But conscious of his guilt and Mothers shame,
 He shall, at once, both Murther and Defile,
 And on th' adulterate Bed his Mother kill:
 But when he shall behold her panting bleed,
 He shall cry out, Oh cursed Matricide!
 Was't not enough thy Mother to pollute,
 But thy curst Hands must add her Murther to't!
 Then in despair, like Death, shall ghastly stand,
 Grasping his bloody Dagger in his hand;
 Then stab his heart, let out the crimson flood,
 And doubly stain his Mother with his blood,
 This dismal Prologue shall be spoke by Sin,
 She shall with Death the Tragick Mask begin,
 And to his slumbring fancy draw the Scene. *Exit Sathan.*

*Enter Ham as out of his Fathers Tent. The Scene the
 Vineyard, with diversity of Fruit-Trees.*

Ham. In vain I come the Prophets Art to try,
 He and his Soul are in a Lethargie;
 Visions and Dreams the Magick Charmers are,
 That to the World these wondrous things declare:

But his enchanted Soul is chain'd in sleep;
 To wake him, the loud roarings of the Deep,
 And Thunders of the Sky, would prove in vain;
 So stupid is his Soul, so senseless is his brain:
 Some conjuring spell has seiz'd upon his mind,
 His sense is blasted with a mildew wind:
 But see, here stands the Necromantick bowl,
 Has drown'd the active Spirits of his Soul.
 It is a Maxim that proves always true,
 Inventions do th' inventor still undo;
 Yet what to him doth poysonous prove, may be,
 To future times, a Sovereign remedie:
 But such a Project, few would ever try,
 To kill themselves to learn the way to die;
 And how ridiculous 'twould prove, to see
 One drown himself, to know the depth of th' Sea.
 To tell this news, I'll to my Brothers hast,
 But see they'r here,

Enter Japhet and Shem.

Shem. Whither away so fast?

Ham. To tell you a strange miracle of Fate.

Japh. To free us of our fears the thing relate.

Ham. Our Father, as I guess, by what I find,
 Hath a new Art discover'd to Mankind;
 It is an excellent and rare device,
 A new-found way how you should Sacrifice.
 But not of Oxen, nor of tender Lambs,
 Not of male Kids, young Heifers, nor of Rams;
 No, no, he scorns the common path that's trod,
 Wine is his Sacrifice, and he's the God:
 And when he'd offer'd what he did require,
 The Sacrifice did set the Priest on fire.

Shem. This intricate discourse that you declare,
 Shews you a base and vile contemner are,
 Therefore expound this strange *Enigma* right.

Ham. Then View him drunk and naked to your sight,

Going to draw the Curtain of the Tent.

Come,

Come, and behold how strange his eyes are twold,
His blubber'd face with bloated rubies grown:
See how his head hangs drooping to the ground,
Like founder'd Vessels ready to be drown'd.

Shem. Hold back your impious hands, rather than I
Would view this sight, I would this minute die.

Japh. It is as dangerous as Heavens decree,
That Man shall die who does his Maker see.

Ham. 'Tis folly all, and grand stupidity,
As in a Maze I round the Vineyard went,
And little thought to find him here in's Tent,
I wondred where he was, for ere 'twas Noon,
He us'd the Vines luxuriant Springs to Prune,
And he has Prun'd 'em fair! Look, look, and see,
They'r in the same disorder, just as he:
They sympathize with him, look dull, and are
Even drunk themselves with their own juice they bear.

Shem. Is this the duty of a Son? you ought
Rather to pity him than judge a fault,
To laugh and jeer at Mans misfortunes, is
An ill Prognostick to a future Dist.
To mock at others harms, deserves a curse,
Then to deride a Father sure is worse:
And though the Wine his senses drowne makes,
His Visionary Soul within awakes,
Therefore take heed, for that views all that's done,
And will remember a condemning Son.

Ham. Away, away, with this Philosophy,
You talk as you were drunk as well as he.
All danger I despise; *Eve*, though she saw,
The Tree of Knowledg, never broke the Law
Until she eat, that did contract the crime,
If any then's in fault, it must be him.

Shem. Be your own judge, and you'l be guilty made,
For as you saw, you likewise did upbraid.

Ham. To view th' unseemly posture he is in,
Would make an Angel sure commit the sin,

It be a sin to laugh: — but see the Sun,
 Unto the Zenith of the World hath run;
 And like to him I will my task pursue,
 And leave our Holy Father here with you:
 Who with the World a mighty Name will gain,
 For the contrivance of a subtle brain.
 When all his Off-springs shall like Pilgrims come,
 To see the superscription of his Tomb,
 Oh praise! His Epitaph must thus begin,
 Here lies the Aged Monument of sin. *Exit.*

Shem. And on your Tomb these Lines engrav'd may be,
 Here lies one curst all his Posterity.

Japh. Come, Brother, to his Tent let's backward go,
 And o're his Nakedness this Garment throw,
 By which we shall our Love and Duty show. }

[*They go backward into the Tent and cover him, then return.*]

Shem. Now to our Labours let us haste away,
 The Sun's already past Meridian day,
 And make an end of th' Task we have begun,
 And finish all with the declining Sun. *Exeunt.*

Here a sumptuous Banquet of all sort of Fruits, especially of Grapes,
 rise up out of the Earth. Sin Enters in a rich gaudy loose Attire, and
 after her several Devils in the shapes of Men and women, who make
 their obeysance to her, then greet one another with professed Salutati-
 ons; after which a symphony of Musick is heard, to which they all
 dance: — after which, a fair Vineyard arises loaden with beautiful
 Grapes: Being all placed round the Banquet, and Sin at the upper end,

She Sings.

Sin. Behold a Vineyard big with juice Divine,
 Like to the Firr and stately Pine,
 Drops forth its Balmy juice:
 As Nature silently should say,
 This was the only way
 To make it fit for use.

i. Man.

1. Man. *Since then Nature doth show,
which may we must go,
we'll squeeze out the Liquor, and call the Juice wine:*

Sin. *Though flat on the Grape, though thick on the Vine,
See here it doth sparkle, see here it doth shine.*

*Shews a cup of Wine, then
drinks, they all pledg her.*

1. Man. *How dull and insipid would every man be,
If it were not for this to make the heart free;
It doth ravish the Soul, and transport the mind,
It teacheth to love, to be gentle and kind:
It doth sharpen our wits, and our fancies refine,
Then how pleasant, how pleasant's the Juice of the Vine.*

Chorus.—*It doth sharpen, &c.*

Sin. *Here's a Palm for those Souls,*

That drink off most Bowls;

And so let the Goblets go round:

For he that drinks most,

Shall the Victory boast,

When his head with this Garland is crown'd.

Incircled with Charms,

He shall lie in my Arms,

And his Head in my Bosom I'll lay,

We'll sport all the Night,

In joys and delight,

But in Drink we'll carouse all the day,

Chorus.—*We'll sport, &c.*

*holds forth a Gar-
land in her hand.*

After several Healths are gone round, they all quarrel for the Garland. The Women vanish away. Death rises with a Dart in his hand, moving it, by turns, at every one of them. They all draw and fight, and mortally wound each other; then reel to several places, and on a sudden sink. Death and the Banquet sink presently after them: Sin takes the Garland, and places it on her own Head. Mufick is heard, to which she Dances; then vanissheth away.

Noah awaking from Sleep comes out of his Tent.

Noah. In what deep Visions gloomy Scene I've Jam!
 A kind of Death has seiz'd my Opiate Brain.
 Where have I been! methinks I've slept an Age,
 And in my Sleep have been a Pilgrimage;
 Rapt in the Spirit, over all I flew,
 Did Sea and Land, Rocks, Mountains, Deserts view,
 Survey'd the World, each Covey, and each Cell,
 And as I think too, I have travers'd Hell,
 Sure 'twas no Heavenly ravishment (for I need not spy)
 Bright Heaven in my vast progress could not spy)
 But an Infernal Vision that arose
 From the black fumes of sin —
 There, in a Pageant Mask, I did behold,
 A Vineyard rife with Grapes that shone like Gold;
 Nay, they so beautiful, so fair did seem,
 Methoughts I took and eat 'em in my Dream;
 Then a bright Maid, did, of the juice, begin
 A Health to th' rest, I judg'd her to be sin,
 For the effects, the causes do declare,
 Among themselves began a Civil War.
 For on a sudden each his Weapon drew,
 And in the fatal feud each other flew:
 And what confirms that she was there, her Son,
 Grim Death appear'd before the broil begun;
 Though in his Looks a deadly paleness lies,
 Yet I, methoughts, saw bloodshots in his eyes.
 He grimly glar'd around, I judg'd, to see
 Whether he'd made a perfect Victory;
 Then, gazing round again, he found out me,
 And with a ghastly Vengeance took his Dart,
 And, as I guess, 'twas level'd at my heart.
 But as he went to strike, I gave a groan,
 Leapt up amaz'd, and found my self alone.
 I lookt to view the Tragick Scene, but they
 Vanish'd, like Night, at the approaching Day.

My

My eyes, those Harbingers of th' mind, can spy
 Things only present, or a Land-skip nigh:
 But my Prophetick Soul foresees the Doom,
 And all these direful mischiefs are to come.
 But what doth rack my tortur'd Soul, 'tis I
 Must be the Author of this Misery;
 Posterity will curse my Art, my name confound;
 Wishing I were in th' Drink, or Deluge, drown'd.
 But pardon me, O future Age! for you,
 Mayn't only learn the sin, but danger too,
 And how to shun that which I never knew.
 A trembling terror does my heart surround,
 And I am loth the Spirit to expound;
 It is a Curse against my younger Son,
 For his contempt, and his derision:
 Servant of Servants, a most wretched Slave,
 He shall for ever live, so pass to's Grave,
 And like a Pestilence this Curse shall be,
 Spreading Infection through his Progeny.
 But blest be *Shem*, his Race shall be Divine,
 For from his Stock shall spring the Holy Line;
 And blest be *Japhet's* Off-spring, Heaven will them
 Inlarge, and they shall live in th' Tents with *Shem*:
 Now may my Age in rest and peace repose,
 And fall like dew upon an Evening Rose.

Enter Shem and Japhet.

Shem. Like Heav'n's Inhabitants, my Life appears,
 Repleat with joys, and free from cares and fears;
 Some Cherub sure does in my Soul reside,
 And to Seraphick Bliss my Spirit guide,
 For such transporting ecstasies I find,
 Does to immortal Glory lead my mind:
 I on an Angels Wing do clip my way,
 Leaving the dregs of Life, this dross of Clay,
 And mount to Heaven, to an Eternal Day.

Japh.

Japh. Like you, a mighty joy does through me run;
 But all my Bliss is by reflection;
 As the Moons Light is borrow'd of the Sun:
 So would my Life wear an Eternal throwd,
 But that your Beams do gild the fable Cloud.
 So in your Tent I shall desire to stay,
 And in soft peace to pass my time away;
 That when my circl'd years have gone their round,
 I may, like Fleecy Snow, fall gently to the ground. [Exit.

Enter Ham.

Ham. Since I am curst, and curst a Slave to be,
 I'll reign a Royal one with Majesty;
 He is a Slave that hath an abject Soul,
 That dares not fortunes frowns with frowns controul.
 I do despise her, and condemn my Fate,
 'Tis brave to live Magnificently great;
 So though a Slave, yet I will rule in State.
 There's no such thing as Slavery can be,
 I'm under them; they under him, and he
 Is unto Heaven as great a Slave as we.
 We all pay Homage, and who Homage give,
 Is mark'd a Slave to that Prerogative;
 So we must all as Slaves or Equals be,
 Or else each man alone's a Monarchy:
 But since nor one nor t'other it implies,
 That he that dares do most should highest rise;
 By which it follows, that the bravest Man,
 Should be, on Earth, a Land-*Leviathan*,
 And over all maintain Supremacy:
 But if a greater rise on Earth than he,
 He must resign to him his Sovereignty.
 This is my Rule, and shall my Maxim be,
 I'll Conquer all, or all shall Conquer me;
 And if in th' Enterprize I fail and die,
 I'll, in my thoughts, mount Monarch to the Sky. [Exit.

*The Scene changes and represents a vast multitude of People,
then shuts. An Angel Enters.*

From Heav'n to Earth, on a swift pinion'd ray
Of the Suns darting Beams, I've wing'd my way,
T' inform Mankind they should themselves divide,
And into some remoter parts reside;
For from so vast a Multitude will rise
A multitude of endless miseries:
Innumerable Plagues will fall on Man,
From Multitudes all discords first began,
As many winds do form a Hurricane.
So to prevent these ills, Heaven doth ordain,
They in far parts, in Colonies shall reign;
Both Peace and Plenty from this Spring will run,
From distance, sure, friendship ne'er first begun,
Yet the Moons nearness does Eclipse the Sun.
If Men this Moral would observe but right,
Of the imbellish'd Suns dismantled Light,
They would, like him, good deeds for ill requite,
Though rob'd of all his Glory, all his Beams,
He guilds her tawny face with silver Streams:
But hark, I'm call'd, I must with speed away,
Quick as my flight, my Duty does obey.

[Ascends swiftly out of sight.]

*Enter Nimrod, Joctan, Saphane, with an innumerable
Host. The Scene the plain of Shinar.*

Nim. Tell us no more we must this place resign,
Spoken by false Visions, or what fools Divine;
Let me an Angel see, nor Dream I do,
And then, perhaps, I may believe it true.
Where can we gather a more plenteous store?
We are too rich, and Heaven would make us poor,
Where better Live? What place so fair as this?
Where every thing paints forth a Paradise.

H.

THIS

This is a trick of Heav'n, I understand,
 To banish us unto some Foreign Land,
 Where we in Woods, and Rocks, and Wilds, shall be
 Devour'd by Famine, Sicknes, Poverty;
 So when all's gone, we then too late shall see,
 We Masters only are of Slavery;
 That we may call our own, and may, perchance,
 Entail it too on our Inheritance.
 Considering this, and all our future Lives,
 How weak our Children, how unapt our Wives
 To travel are, 'tis best we here reside,
 And in this Plain of *shinar* all abide;
 Heav'n knows we're strong, and able to resist,
 But when dispers'd, He'll rule us as he list:
 The Body Politick, like ours, should be
 Knit close together in joint Unity,
 And not with one another disagree.
 'Tis the same case with us, therefore, with speed,
 We ought to some great Action to proceed.
 My suffrage is, that we a City rear,
 For strength impregnable, for beauty fair;
 And lest another Deluge should ensue,
 We'll build a Tower that shall preserve us too:
 A Pyramid which we will raise so high,
 The top thereof shall peep into the Sky,
 By which we may even Heav'n it self descie.

Joth. By which we too shall gain Eternal Fame,
 And through the World blaze our Immortal Name.

Nim. These are my thoughts, and as I judg, 'tis fit
 That ev'ry Man to th' judgment should submit;
 But if you can a better way declare,
 Speak how it shall be done, and when, and where.

Saph. We all agree to what you say, and you
 Shall be our Leader and Commander too.

Nim. Then let us hast to th' Work, this very hour
 We will begin to build this mighty Tower,
 So many hands will make the Work seem small,
 And in an instant we shall raise it all:

The Worlds great Fabrick we will imitate,
 Inbigness and in swiftness too like that,
 Built only with a L E T I T B E by Fate,
 That, when 'tis done, we may all stand amazed,
 At the Prodigious Work our hands have rais'd.

Joel. We Storms and Tempests then may fear no more,
 And hear, beneath our feet, Heav'n's Thunder roar.

Saph. Its top with Diamonds, with burnish'd Gold,
 And Crystal glittering, shall shine so fair,
 When Travellers from far the sight behold,
 They shall mistake it for the Morning Star.

Nim. No, from the Earth its Glory shall be seen,
 Not like a Star, (that fancy is too mean)
 But like another bright Heav'n hung between. *[Exeunt.]*

*The Scene shifts, and represents the building of Babel, some dig-
 ging, others making of Brick, and tempering of Mortar, Nimrod,
 Joctan, and Saphane giving them directions.*

An Angel flies down, and hovers Perpendicularly over the Tower.

Angel. To visit Man once more, from Heav'n I'm come,
 To dash their Pride, and to pronounce their Doom.
 See with what frantick madness they rush on,
 And with the Tower build their destruction;
 For raising that but pulls fate faster down.
 Like Toy Mountains they this Structure Scale;
 When neer the top their feet then soonest fail:
 Such a preposterous zeal was never seen,
 They reach at Heav'n whilst their feet tread on sin.
 In their Clay frames they would their Souls refine,
 As Eve in th' Apple thought to be Divine;
 But they, like her, their Eden shall forego,
 And wander Vagabonds in th' World below:
 The Hunter shall himself be made a Prey,
 His Subjects shall rebel and disobey.

Thus o're the Tower I wave this Sacred Wand;
 And on Mankind I lay Heav'n's great Command,
 Their Native Language none shall understand;
 Each Man a several Spirit shall possess,
 And in strange words his stranger sense express:
 And though in Tongues they have increas'd their store,
 Yet, Miser-like, they'r midst their plenty poor.
 Such horrid jangling of a Hideous noise,
 Shall be express'd by each particular voice,
 They hoarse with gabbling; silently shall go
 To Foreign parts, their unknown Fate to know,
 And to their wish they shall a Name obtain,
 Which to the end of all things shall remain.
 But like the dreadful latter end, their Fate
 Shall stand agast, and for confusion wait:
 Their proud Imperial Tower shall by Heav'n's ire
 Fall down, and shrink like Parchment in the Fire.
 Once more my fatal Wand I wave around,
 Thunder and Lightning fall and crush it to the ground:
 Their ~~babel~~ with their Language shall expire,
 What they thought safe from floods shall be destroy'd by fire.

They all disperse themselves to several parts of the Earth, but as they go, with amazement they look back on their Tower, surrounded with bellowing Thunder, and flashes of Lightning.

The Angel flies to Heaven.

FINIS.

